

A

REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, September 29. 1709.

BUT, O the *Stock jobbers*! What say they now to the late Battle? — Let them tell us, if ever they fail'd to prompt a *Jacobite* Interest. As soon as ever the second Thoughts of the Battle came to be digested among them, away they run with the Notion of a Mock-Victory, cry up the Loss of the Confederates, reckon up, and fairly double the Number of the Slain; and what's the Use of all this? — Down comes the Stock, Tumbling as they call it — There's the first Turn it serves, and all by the Influence of common Noise or Rumour — This RUMOUR was One of *Fame's* Bastards, and was long ago put to Nurse to an old tattling Bawd, call'd *Whisper*,

where she staid till she was a great Wench, and then she was put to School to One *Clamour*, where she learn'd to talk aloud, scold, cry, and be very noisie. It chanc'd, that there came an old Witch that Way, and finding her very fit for the Devil's Service, she took her into his Pay, gave her a great Pair of Wings to fly with, and by him she has been entertain'd ever since, and Abundance of Service she does him — Particularly she is his Post, and serves him, as *Mercury* did the Gods of Old, for a Pimp, or a speedy Messenger — And indeed this Jade *Rumour* is the swiftest Creature that ever had Wings; she flies with an incredible Speed, she comes invisibly, changes her Shape and her Tail innumerable

numerable Ways, as serves the Occasion of those that employ her.

I have very rarely known her do much Service, especially of late; the best Piece of Work she has done *among us*, was at the Revolution, when she was a little while out of Service, and turn'd *Whig*—First, She amus'd and terrify'd King *James* and his Party, upon every Turn of the Wind, with the Coming of the Prince of *Orange*—Then she abus'd and impos'd upon him, as to the Place of their Landing, and making him believe, the *Dutch* Fleet would land then in the *North*, caus'd him to send away his best Troops into *Suffolk* and *Norfolk*, and then have them to fetch back again: When the *Dutch* came, then she gilded him again with their Numbers, and made him believe, they were twice as many as they were; at last she play'd the cunningest Trick that ever was heard of, and that was, when she flew all over *England* in a Moment, and told the People in every Town, the *Irish* were coming to cut all their Throats—Here she put an hundred Thousand Men in Arms immediately, and an hundred Thousand Women out of their Wits, and all was but a meer RUMOUR.

She had before that serv'd King *James* another base Trick, she made him believe, the *Dutch* Fleet was scatter'd by a great Storm, Abundance of Men drowned, their Horses lost, the Design ruin'd, and that it was impossible they could be in a Condition to do the Business that Year—Upon this the honest *Papists* discover'd themselves again, began to repent of their Repentance, put a Stop to the Restitutions they were making, and to show, that all they had done before was only for Fear, and that nothing but Force would do the Business; but the next Post let us know, this was nothing but a Trick of that false Jade RUMOUR, and all return'd to its former Condition.

After this she lay still a while, and was not in so much Reputation as she had been, and quickly found, that she happen'd to be on the wrong side; for Lying and Tricking being not so absolutely necessary to the *Whigs*, or at least not to their

Cause—She did not find so much Business, nor was she so capable to do Mischief as usual—And naturally hating Idleness, away she run to seek an Employ; the *Jacobites* engross'd her presently, and have kept her in their constant Pay ever since, except that of late they hir'd her out to the Stock-jobbers; of which by and by.

The first piece of Service I fid her doing in her new Employ, was to report all over *France* that King *William* was dead: 'Tis true, she might be privy to the Assassination-Plot, and so believing that Design to be infallible, she run, like the Postillion of the Party, afore hand to make them believe it was done; and upon this the King of *France*, made Bonfires, &c. but she jilted him, and when they found it was not true, they caused RUMOUR to accuse her self, and say, it was only a RUMOUR.

After this foolish Exploit she has run harebrain'dly over the World, playing the Jilt with all she has had to do with: How many Shams has she put upon the poor K. of *Sweden*! How often has she mock'd us with his Victory over the *Muscovite*! The good Circumstances of his Army, his Entering *Muscovy* and Depositing the Czar, till amused by these RUMOURS, we find our selves unspeakably surpriz'd with the Account of his being entirely Overthrown, his whole Army Destroy'd or taken Prisoners, and himself Lost for some time: Immediately this swift Conveyer of wild Stories put her self in search for him; sometimes she found him in *Tartary*, sometimes in *Podolia*, sometimes in *Turkey*; once she made him ride Post through *Berlin* *incognito*—But at last, after a vast Variety of RUMOUR, we find his Majesty safe in *OKAW*, as the Poles call it, or *Oczackow*, as the Geographers write it, and there Rumour says he is like to stay; whether she says true or lies, according to her ancient custom, Time must determine.

From *Muscovy* we find her ranging into *North-Britain*, and there she has play'd a thousand Jacobite Tricks with us; among which, one was the foolish and most absurd that ever she went about in this Age—and this was to raise a Rumour of Persecution, and tell us long dismal Stories of the Sufferings

Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy there, on account of Episcopacy, when in truth it was only a RUMOUR, and most maliciously was she employ'd in this too—since really the whole Matter was nothing but the Government putting down the Jacobite Meetings there, the Ministers refusing either to take the Oaths to the Government, or Pray for Her Majesty— And the Church of *England*, who seem'd at first to be a little alarm'd at this RUMOUR, were, upon Enquiry, so convinc'd of the Reasonableness and Necessity of this, and so sensible of its being their own constant Usage in *England*, that they soon came to be convinc'd of the Truth of Fact, and disown the Complainers, and all the Blame of their Mistakes was justly laid to this Deceiver of Nations, call'd RUMOUR.

All these Disappointments could not yet baulk this restless Devil, but now she is at work upon a new Contrivance, even in *North-Britain*. *The Case is this*, Since the Jacobite Dissenters have fail'd in their claiming Kindred of the Church of *England*, and of their being protected in their Invasions of, and Intrusions into the Church of *Scotland*; They have turn'd the Tables, and to liken themselves the more to the Church of *England*— they revive the old miscarried abortive Attempt of setting up the Common-Prayer, or *English* Liturgy in *Scotland*— It is manifest they do not do it of choice, or from Principle, because they never offer'd to serve GOD in that manner when their Church was uppermost in *Scotland*— But 'tis plain, 'tis done in order to provoke and animate the people to some Excesses, which they think the Government will be bound to oppose and resent— And they will remember the Tale of the Bishop, and of the Three-legged Stool, a Disorder they wish for again: This is the short History of the thing, but this is not all.

But to forward the Design they send away for this Engine of Hell— this RUMOUR, to make the poor People uneasie; and this is by raising her Voice in every Body's Ears, that the QUEEN encourag'd and supported them— That Her Majesty being educated in the same Religion, or

Manner of Worship, would be sure to favour them, and would not joyn to Persecute Her own Opinion— This was not only RUMOUR'D, but 'twas also spread as an Addition, That the B— of L— n had written a Letter to them, signifying, That the QUEEN was resolv'd to support and maintain them in the Liberty of their Conscience, and erecting or introducing the Common Prayer-Book into *Scotland*.

Some Folks, who have a little Charity for the B— of L— n, will not believe he ever wrote so, supposing his L—p could not be so unmannerly to the Queen, who he once so dragoonly guarded in Person, arry'd in the true Church Militants Colour, *I mean the Church Militant on Earth*, whose Colour, Authors agree, must be true Blue.

But others, that pretend to know the Fact, tell us, her Majesty indeed never said or thought so— But that these Things did in no wise hinder the Reverend B—p from writing so— since it was no Novelty to hear, that his L—p does not use in his Letters on such Occasions to adhere to that useless *Ibread-bare* Thing call'd Truth or Modesty; Witness his Allegations on the Royal Regiment.

*When the Grave Prelate made with bumble Tears,
To the Royal Petticoats his Christian Prayers;
And for disbanding Grace made his ORISONS,
Which like his Lordship's Sermons too were wise Ones.*

But let this be as it will, I am not charging his L—p; this is certain, that Her Majesty not only did not authorize his L—p to write or say any such things, but never had any such Intention; and caused constant Assurances to be given to the Church of *Scotland*; and has *FUST NOW* renewed those Assurances, signifying that these Innovations do not, and shall not receive any Protection, Countenance, or Encouragement from Her Majesty, directly or indirectly, but that Her Majesty is firmly resolv'd, not only to keep inviolate *THE UNION*

UNION in all its Parts, and by which this Matter is secur'd ; but also to preserve the Church of *Scotland* in its Purity and Uniformity, Worship, Discipline and Government, as is expres'd in the said A& of Union — to the utmost of Her Power.

What a horrid Monster is this RUMOUR, thus to assault the QUEEN and insult the Church — But Her Majesty has given all Her Good People of *Scotland* repeated Satisfaction in the Point — And if any Person offer to erect or impose the English Liturgy or Service upon *Scotland*, they must act contrary to the profess'd Intention of the QUEEN and Government ; and the People of *Scotland* may be easie in this, that Her Majesty will not break Her Royal Word with them — and all the Noise of the QUEEN's supporting, encouraging, tollerating, or the setting up the Common-Prayer in *Scotland*, is nothing but the Vapour of a fermented Party, assisted by this mischievous Hag call'd RUMOUR.

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